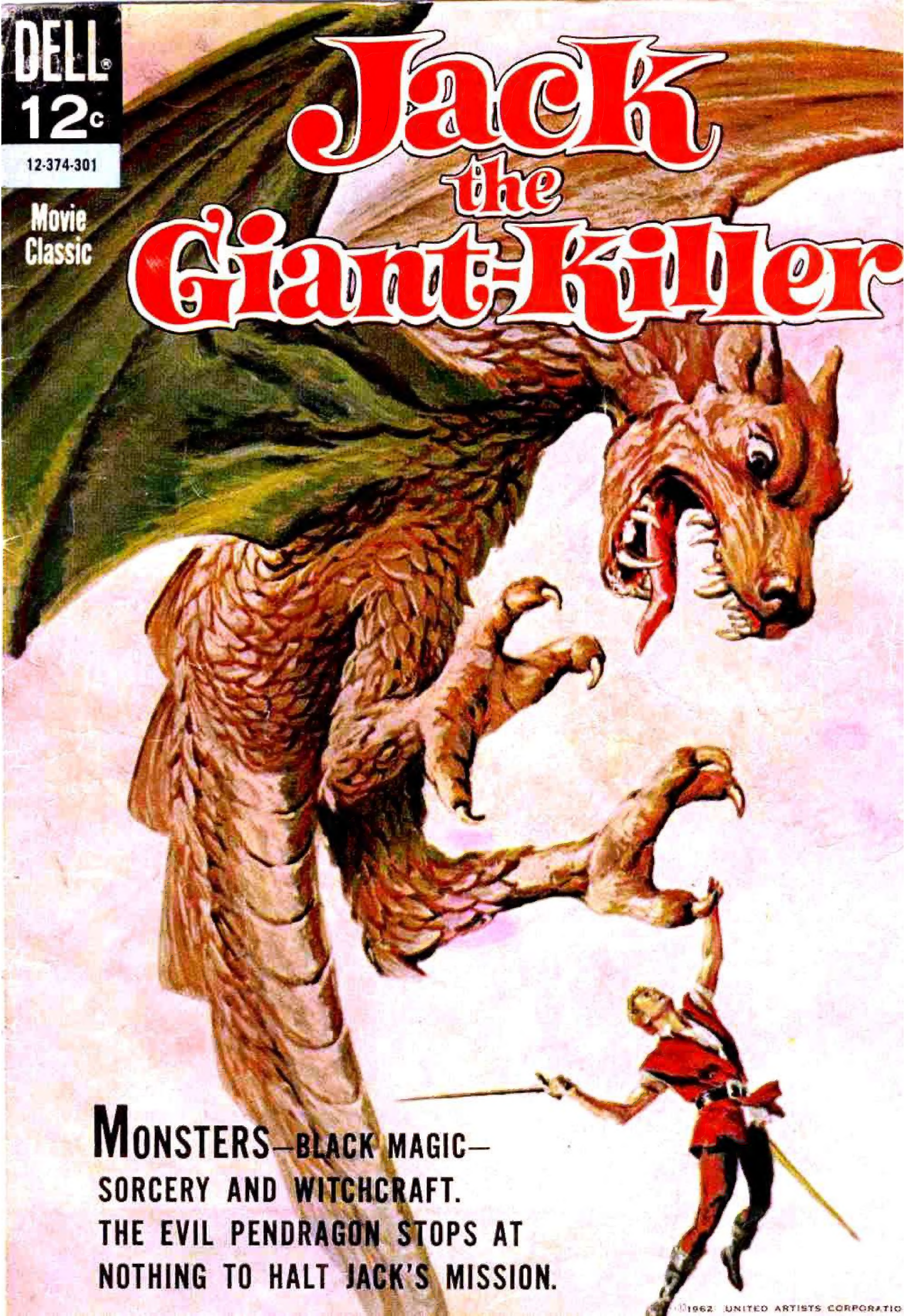


DELL®  
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Movie  
Classic

# Jack the Giant-Killer



**MONSTERS—BLACK MAGIC—  
SORCERY AND WITCHCRAFT.  
THE EVIL PENDRAGON STOPS AT  
NOTHING TO HALT JACK'S MISSION.**



ADAPTED FROM THE MOTION PICTURE

EDWARD SMALL presents

# Jack, the Giant-Killer

starring KERWIN MATHEWS

co-starring JUDI MEREDITH • TORIN THATCHER

Screenplay by ORVILLE H. HAMPTON and NATHAN JURAN

From a Story by ORVILLE H. HAMPTON

Special Photographic Effects in FANTASCOPE by HOWARD A. ANDERSON

Associate Producer ROBERT E. KENT Directed by NATHAN JURAN

An EDWARD SMALL PRODUCTION TECHNICOLOR®

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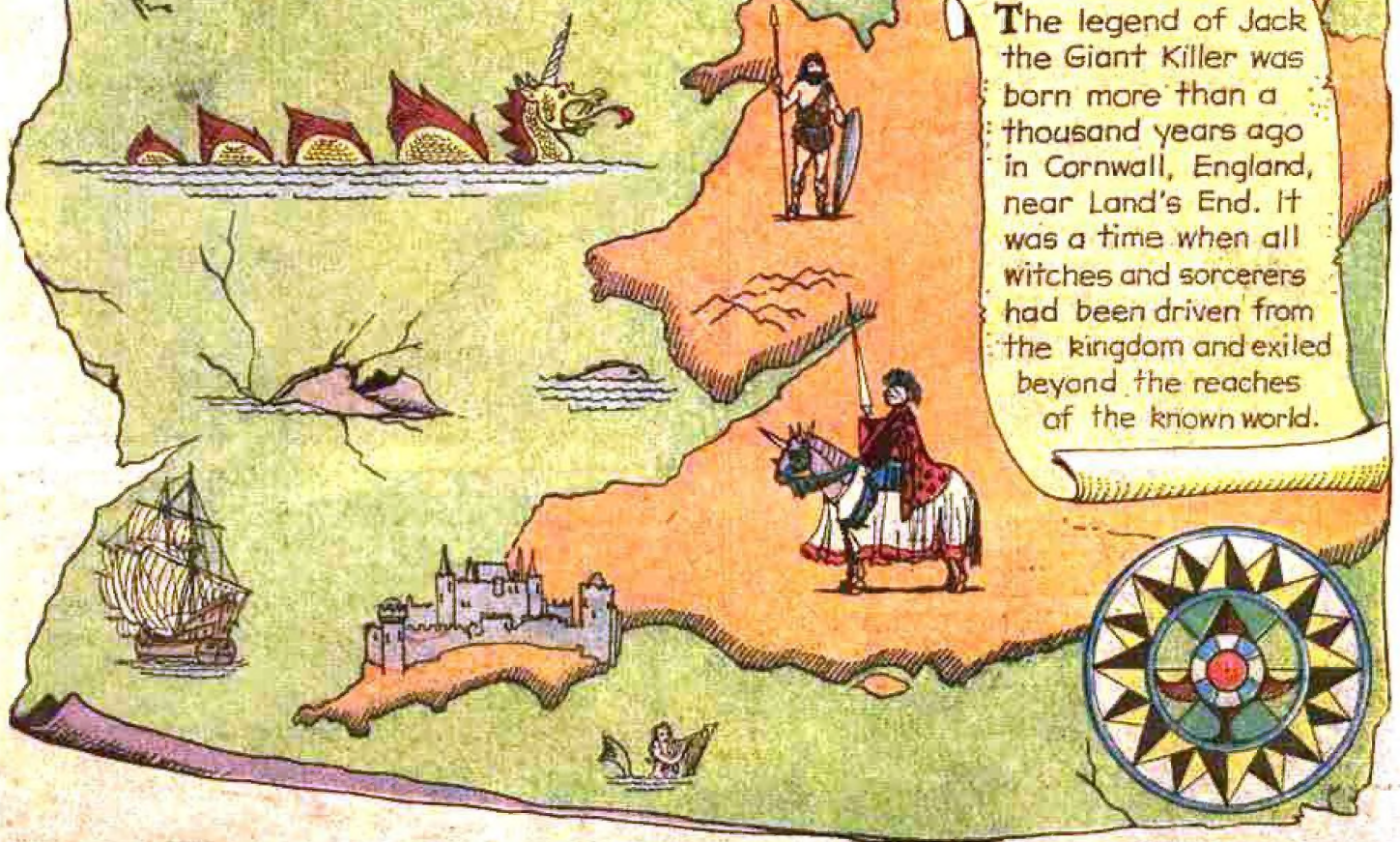
The good farmer Jack foils the first attempt of the evil Pendragon to spirit the lovely Elaine to his Black Kingdom. Rewarded by Knighthood for his daring feat, Jack is given the task of guarding the beautiful princess from further danger. Pendragon pits his evil array of giants against the strength of Jack who fights with his life and love to try to save the fair Elaine from the Prince of Blackness...



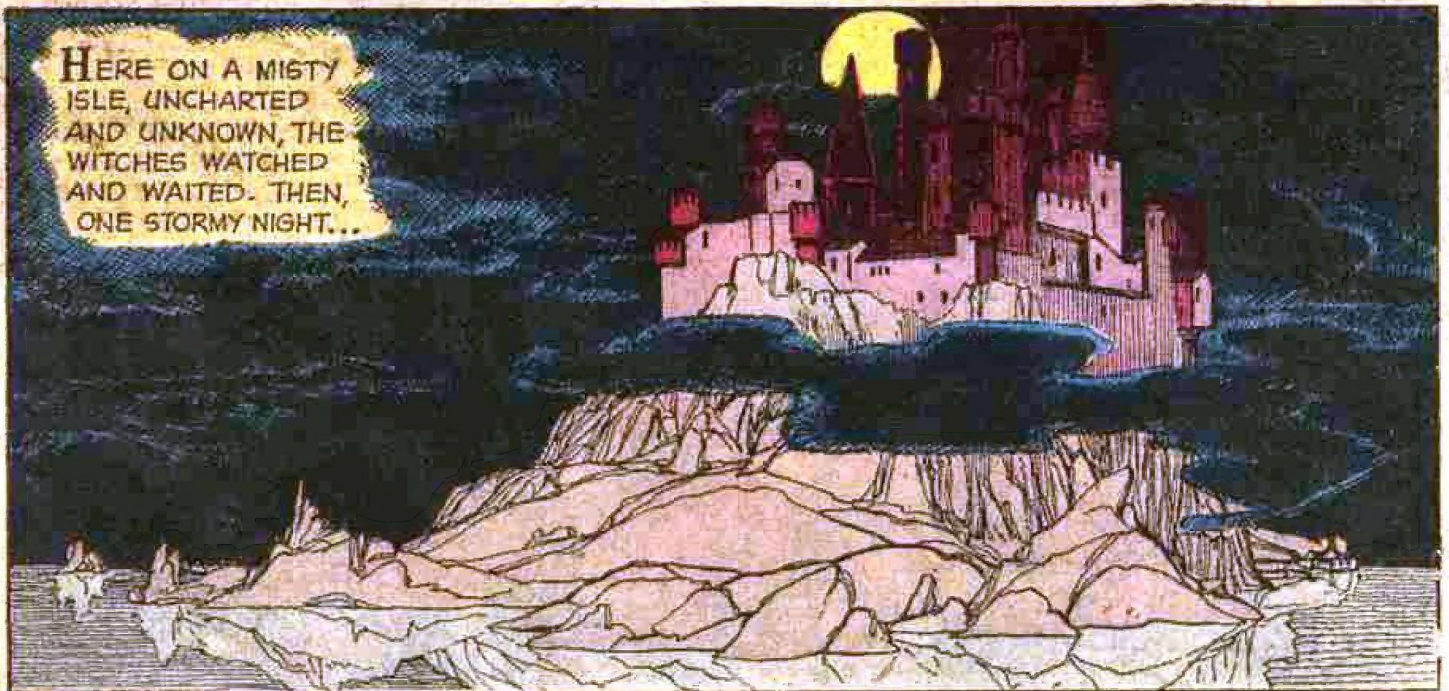


# Jack, the Giant-Killer

The legend of Jack the Giant Killer was born more than a thousand years ago in Cornwall, England, near Land's End. It was a time when all witches and sorcerers had been driven from the kingdom and exiled beyond the reaches of the known world.



HERE ON A MISTY ISLE, UNCHARTED AND UNKNOWN, THE WITCHES WATCHED AND WAITED. THEN, ONE STORMY NIGHT...



JACK THE GIANT KILLER, 12-374-301. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Single copy price 12¢. All rights reserved throughout the world. The events contained herein are fictional and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Authorized edition. Based on the motion picture "Jack The Giant Killer". Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright © 1962 by United Artists Corporation.

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PENDRAGON, THE PRINCE OF WITCHES, SUMMONS HIS COHORTS TO HIS SECRET LAIR, PENDRAGON CASTLE.



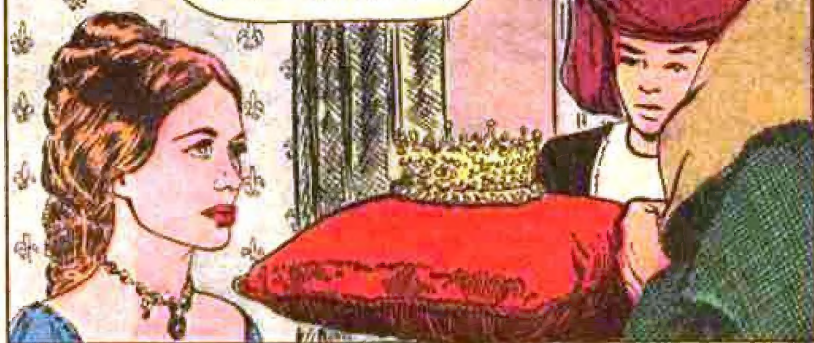


THE PRINCESS ELAINE OF CORNWALL HAS COME OF AGE. NOW, KING MARK, HER FATHER, MUST DIE. AND WITH THE PRINCESS IN OUR POWER, WE SHALL RULE ALL ENGLAND.



IN THE THRONE ROOM OF CORNWALL CASTLE...

PRINCESS ELAINE, DAUGHTER OF OUR NOBLE KING MARK, I PLACE UPON YOUR HEAD THIS ANCIENT CORONET OF THE HOUSE OF CORNWALL, AS OUR FUTURE QUEEN. MAY YOU WEAR IT IN HONOR, LONG AND WELL.



AND NOW THE PRESENTATION OF GIFTS. LET THE BELLS RING!

HIS HIGHNESS, VALLONS, DUKE OF NORMANDY, OUR STAUNCH ALLY.



HIS EXCELLENCY, THE PRINCE OF TARQUIN ISLE-ELIDORUS.

KNOW YOU THIS PRINCE?

NOT THE NAME, BUT THE BEARING IS FAMILIAR.



A MAGIC BOX AND A DOLL! LOOK, FATHER, HE WALKS AND DANCES. WHAT AN ENCHANTING GIFT!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE PRINCESS'S BED CHAMBER...

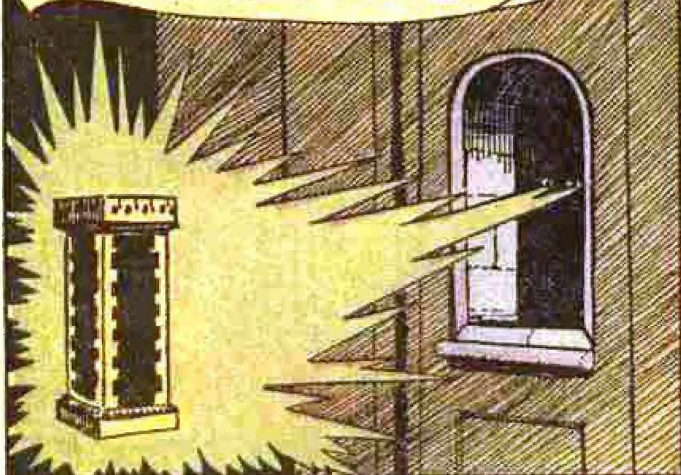
SO MANY BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FOR OUR QUEEN. SLEEP WELL!

A QUEEN! OH, NO! MY FATHER HAS YET LONG TO LIVE!





**THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT...** AT THE PRINCESS'S BALCONY BEDROOM WINDOW, PEN-DRAGON'S EVIL FACE APPEARS. HIS EYES GLOW A GHASTLY GREEN LIGHT, WHICH TRANSFIXES THE MUSIC BOX GIFT. AS THE LID OPENS...



...THE DANCING DOLL BECOMES, IN A TWINKLING, THE UGLY GIANT, CORMORAN, READY TO DO THE EVIL BIDDING OF HIS MASTER...



AS HE SEIZES THE PRINCESS, HIS HEAD STRIKES THE RAFTERS, AND THE ROOF CRASHES IN. HOWLING WITH RAGE AND PAIN, HE DESTROYS THE ENTIRE WINDOW, TO MAKE GOOD HIS ESCAPE...



THE BEDROOM IS A SHAMBLES OF BEAMS, MASONRY AND DUST.

THERE, YOUR MAJESTY-- A GIANT IS MAKING OFF WITH THE PRINCESS!

**SOUND THE ALARM! HE'S MAKING FOR THE CASTLE GATE!**



THE GIANT HAS DISLODGED THE DRAWBRIDGE INTO THE MOAT AT A CRAZY ANGLE, DEFYING PURSUIT. THE ROYAL PARTY IS HALTED, AND THE GIANT, WITH THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS, MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE...

HE MUST NOT ESCAPE! REPAIR THE BRIDGE, MEN ... **QUICKLY!**

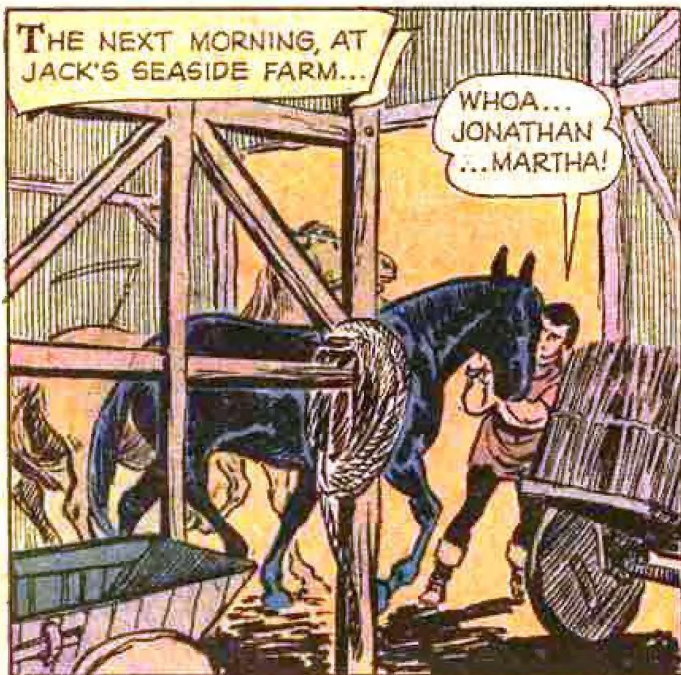
THE GIFT OF ELIDORUS! IT IS LONG SINCE, THAT GIANTS WERE BANISHED FROM CORNWALL...



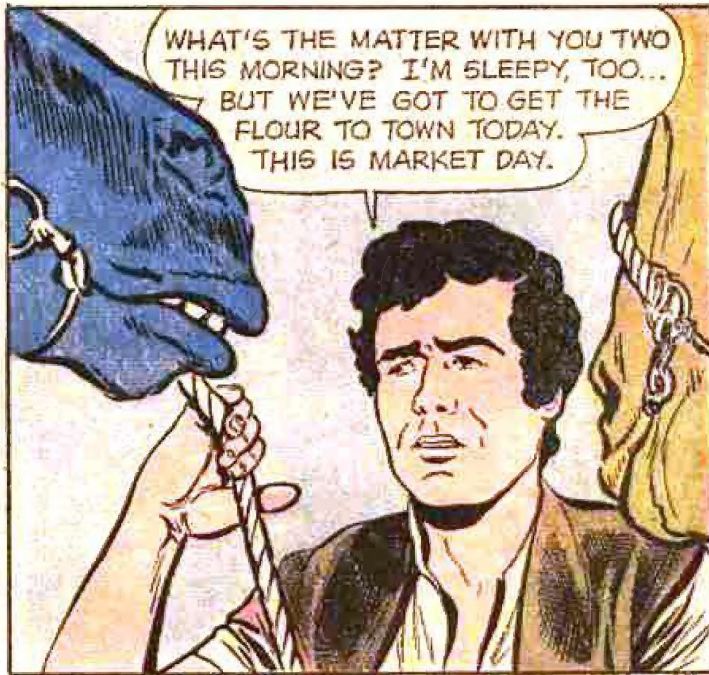


THE NEXT MORNING, AT JACK'S SEASIDE FARM...

WHOA...  
JONATHAN  
...MARTHA!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO  
THIS MORNING? I'M SLEEPY, TOO...  
BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET THE  
FLOUR TO TOWN TODAY.  
THIS IS MARKET DAY.



WHAT--OH!  
A GIANT!



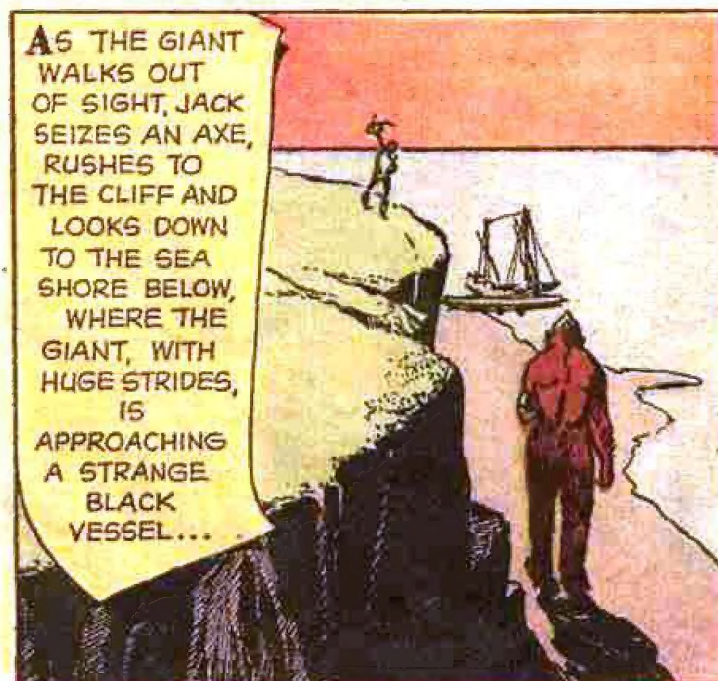
JACK STARES,  
AS IN A TRANCE.  
HE HAS NEVER  
SEEN A GIANT  
BEFORE.

HELP!  
HELP!



AS THE GIANT  
WALKS OUT  
OF SIGHT, JACK  
SEIZES AN AXE,  
RUSHES TO  
THE CLIFF AND  
LOOKS DOWN  
TO THE SEA  
SHORE BELOW,  
WHERE THE  
GIANT, WITH  
HUGE STRIDES,  
IS  
APPROACHING  
A STRANGE  
BLACK  
VESSEL...

NOW BACK TO THE ISLAND I GO.  
CORMORAN, RETURN TO YOUR LAIR,  
WHILE I TAKE THIS SPITFIRE  
PRINCESS TO **PENDRAGON**!  
OUR MASTER WILL TAME HER!







LET ME GO!  
LET ME GO!

QUIET! THE MASTER  
HAS A NICE SEA VOYAGE  
PLANNED FOR YOU!



AS GARNA GOES TO TAKE THE HEAVY  
ROPE LOOP OFF THE PILING TO CAST  
OFF, JACK, DASHING UP IN THE NICK OF  
TIME, HURLS HIS AXE ON THE BULL'S  
EYE, AND STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS.

IN AN  
INSTANT,  
JACK IS AT  
THE CABIN,  
HIS  
POWERFUL  
SHOULDERS  
SMASHING  
THE DOOR  
TO BITS,  
AS HE  
TAKES THE  
PRINCESS  
BY THE  
HAND...



QUICK! TAKE  
MY HAND!

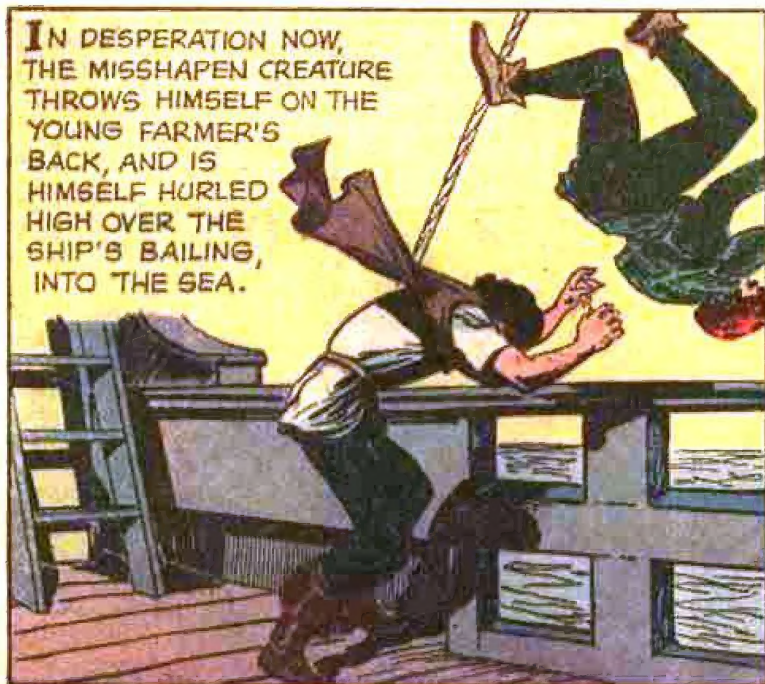
CORMORAN! COME  
BACK! COME BACK!



THE TWISTED DWARF, IN A  
FURY, SEIZES THE AXE AND  
HURLS IT AT JACK WITH ALL  
HIS MIGHT, BUT IT BURIES  
ITSELF HARMLESSLY IN THE  
CABIN DOOR...

LOOK  
OUT!

IN DESPERATION NOW,  
THE MISSHAPEN CREATURE  
THROWS HIMSELF ON THE  
YOUNG FARMER'S  
BACK, AND IS  
HIMSELF HURLED  
HIGH OVER THE  
SHIP'S BAILING,  
INTO THE SEA.



BUT  
AS JACK  
AND ELAINE  
RUSH  
OUT OF THE  
CABIN,  
THEY ARE  
STOPPED  
SHORT  
BY THE  
GIANT  
CORMORAN,  
LEERING  
DOWN UP-  
ON THEM  
WITH HIS  
MONSTROUS  
FACE...





IN AN INSTANT, JACK HAS SEIZED THE AXE, AND BURIED IT DEEP INTO THE GIANT'S NECK.



BUT QUICKLY RECOVERING, THE GIANT PURSUES THEM...



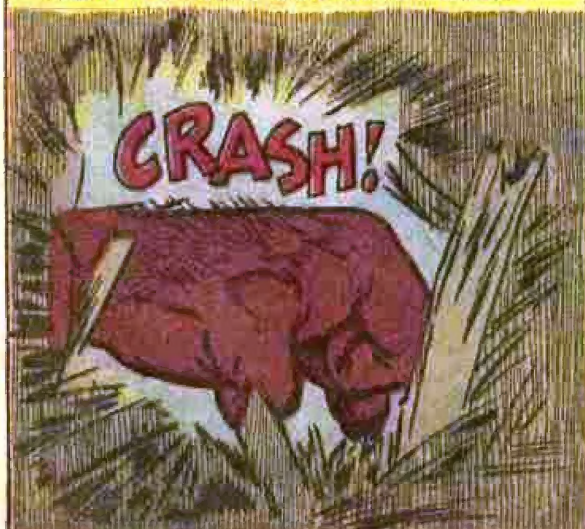
JACK AND ELAINE REACH THE BARNYARD, AND DUCK UNDER THE WAGON, AS THE GIANT COMES THUNDERING BEHIND THEM...



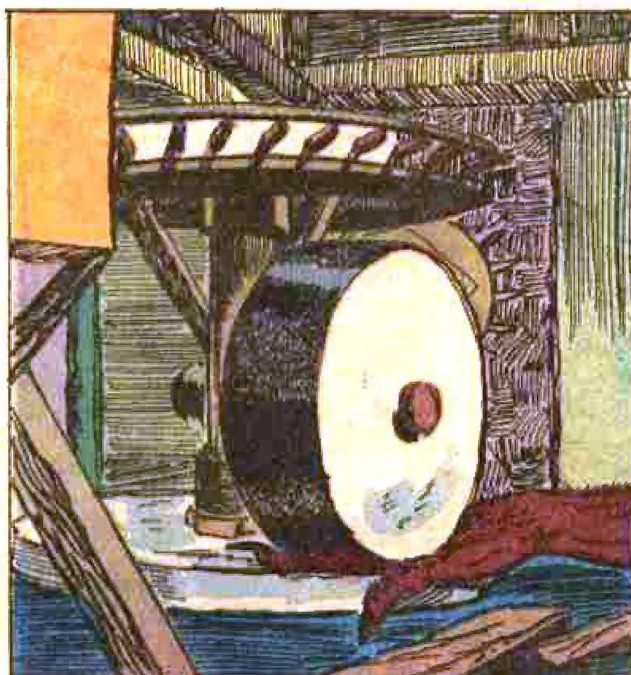
AS THE GIANT SPIES THEM, HE TOPPLES WAGON AND HORSES. IN THE MELEE, JACK AND ELAINE DASH INTO THE ENTRANCE OF THE GRISTMILL NEARBY.



AND INSIDE, THEY LISTEN, BREATHLESS ... AS THE GIANT'S HUGE FIST SMASHES THROUGH THE DOOR, SPLINTERING HEAVY BEAMS LIKE MATCH STICKS.



NOW, AS CORMORAN'S HUGE, HAIRY PAW GROPE FOR JACK AND ELAINE, HIS LONG FINGERS ARE CAUGHT IN THE GREAT MILL WHEEL, ROLLING PONDEROUSLY ON... OVER CRUSHING BONES.

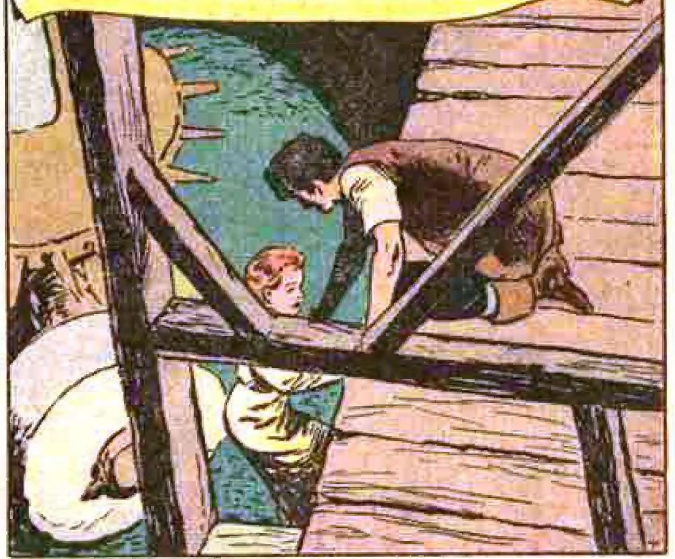




AS THE GREAT MILL WHEEL ROLLS OVER THE GIANT'S OUT-STRETCHED HAND, HE JERKS IT OUT WITH A SPINE-CHILLING ROAR.



WHEN THEY SEE THE GIANT HAND DIS-APPEAR, JACK AND ELAINE QUICKLY RUN UP THE LADDER TO THE LOFT.



THE NOISE BRINGS THE GIANT TO THE LOFT OPENING. JACK QUICKLY DROPS A NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK. THE ROPE GROWS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AS IT KEEPS WINDING SWIFTLY AROUND THE MILL WHEEL SHAFT...



NOW JACK HACKS AWAY POWERFULLY WITH HIS SCYTHE AT THE STRANGLING GIANT, AS HIS FACE DISTORTS IN AGONY AND BLOOD GUSHES FROM HIS WOUNDS.



BUT WITH A LAST SUPERHUMAN EFFORT, THE RAGING BEHEMOTH LUNGES UPWARD, AND BREAKING HIS BONDS, DISLODGES JACK, WHO HURTLES TO THE FLOOR BELOW...

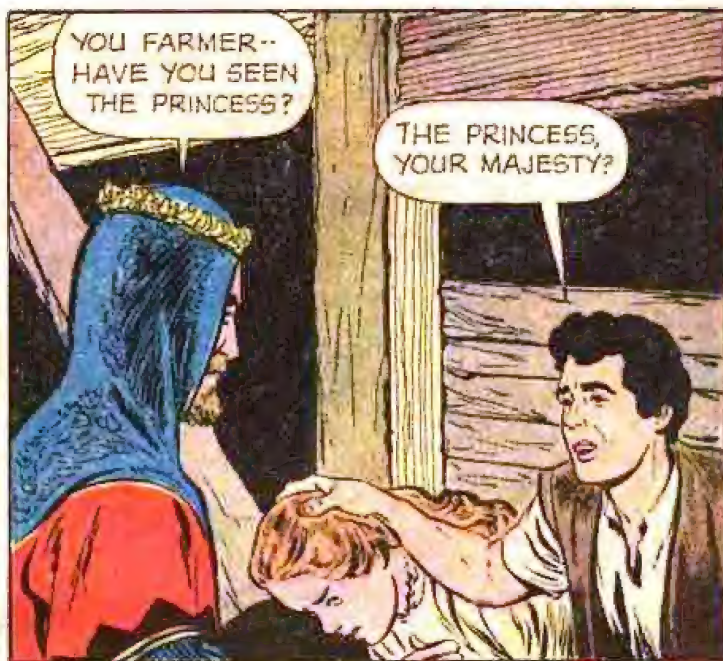


AS JACK LEAPS OUT OF THE MILL, THE GIANT'S LUMBERING BODY ABOVE HIM TOTTERS, THEN FALLS WITH A THUNDERING THUD...AND JACK BARELY ESCAPES BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH...





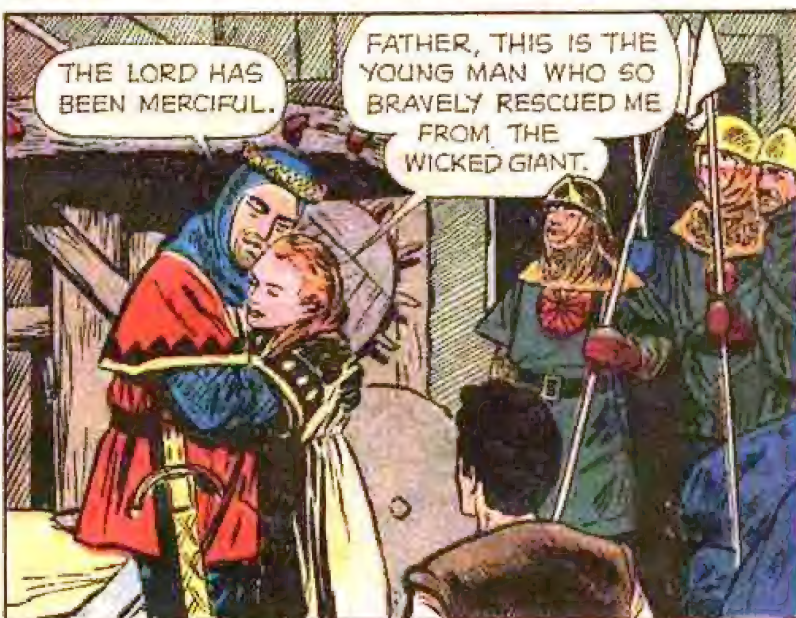
KING MARK AND HIS MEN GALLOP UP AT FULL SPEED, REIN IN THEIR HORSES BEFORE THE FALLEN BEHEMOTH, AND GAZE DOWN IN AWE.



THEN, WITH A GREAT SHOUT OF JOY, THE KING RECOGNIZES HIS DAUGHTER.



THE KING EMBRACES HIS DAUGHTER, JOYFULLY...



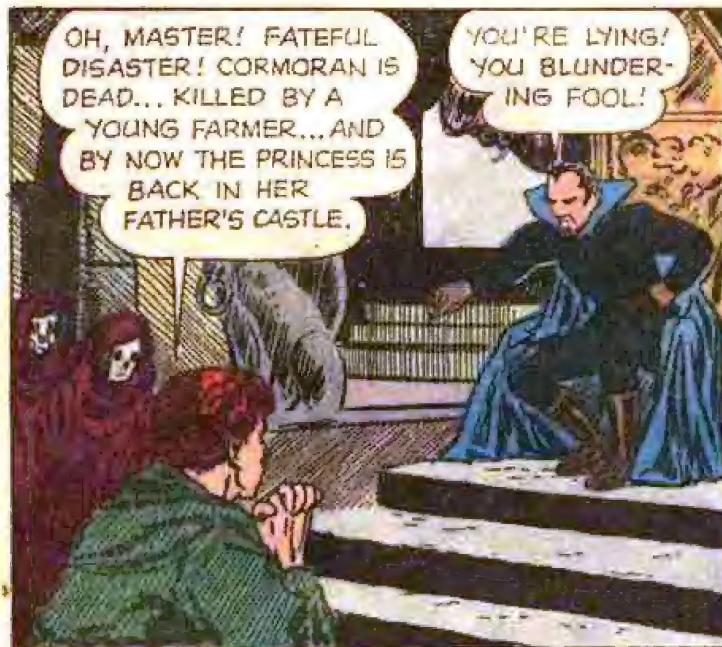
RISE, MY BOY. YOU DID A MOST REMARKABLE AND NOBLE DEED TODAY. WE OWE YOU OUR DEEPEST THANKS, AND OUR ROYAL GRATITUDE.



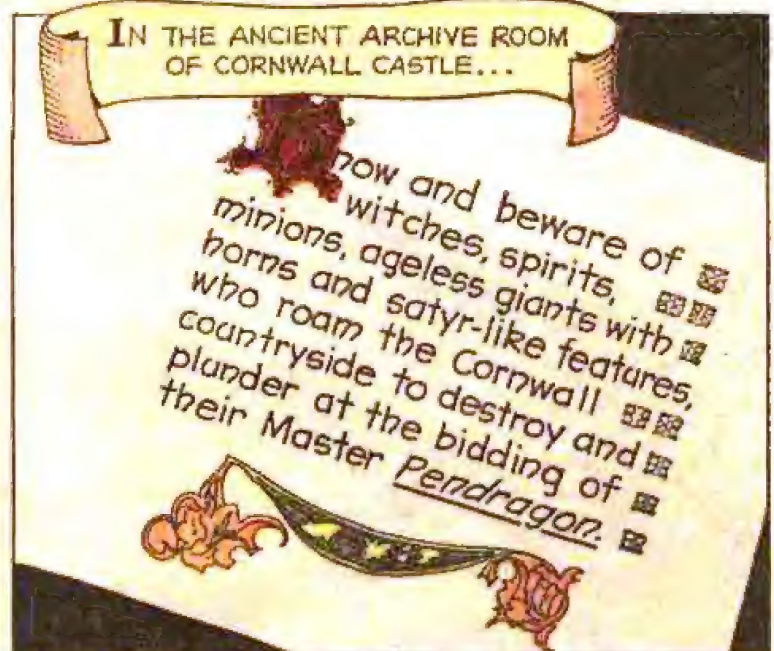
JACK'S MOTHER WHO HAD OBSERVED HER SON'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH, WHILE FROZEN IN TERROR AT HER KITCHEN WINDOW, NOW COMES RUSHING THROUGH THE GROUP AND THROWS HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK.











BACK IN THE THRONE ROOM OF CORNWALL CASTLE...

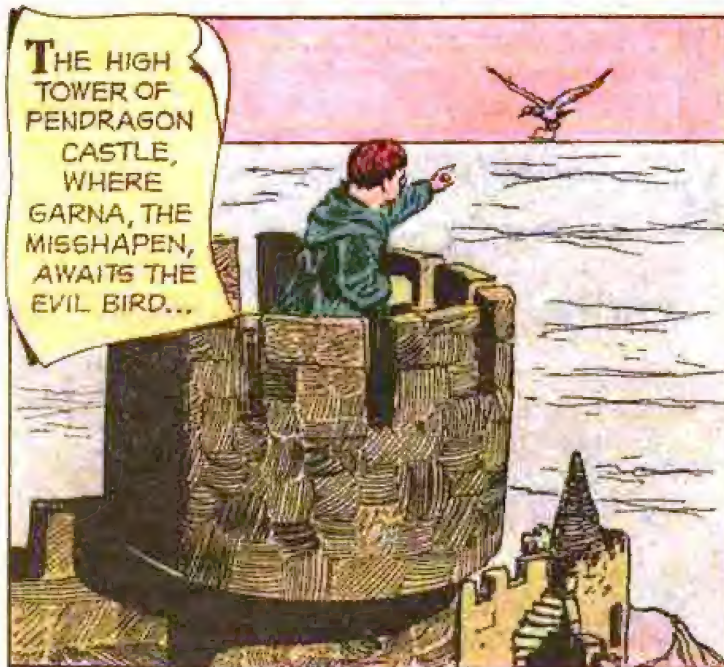
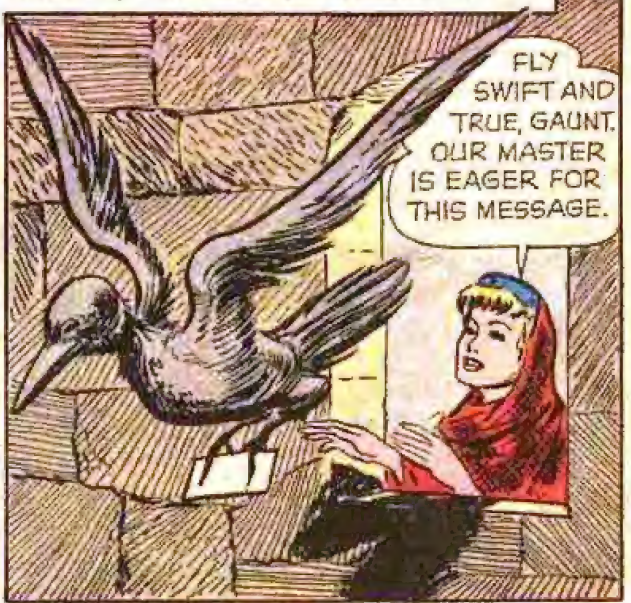




NEXT MORNING, IN THE COURTYARD OF CORNWALL CASTLE...



AT THE TOWER WINDOW OF CORNWALL CASTLE, CONSTANCE, IN SECRET...



PENDRAGON'S GREAT HALL...



NEARING THE END OF THEIR SEA VOYAGE TOGETHER...





SUDDENLY, THE SHIP QUIVERS AS IF MORTALLY WOUNDED...

PIPE THE CAPTAIN...  
ALL HANDS LAY TO.



AS THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD POPS OUT OF THE GALLEY, THE SKIES DARKEN AND A GREENISH PALL SETTLES OVER THE SHIP...

ROCKS, CAPTAIN.  
WE'VE RUN  
AGROUND.

IN MID-CHANNEL,  
BOSS'N... NO ROCKS  
HERE.

THE WIND HAS  
COME ABOUT. IT'S  
TURNING DARK.



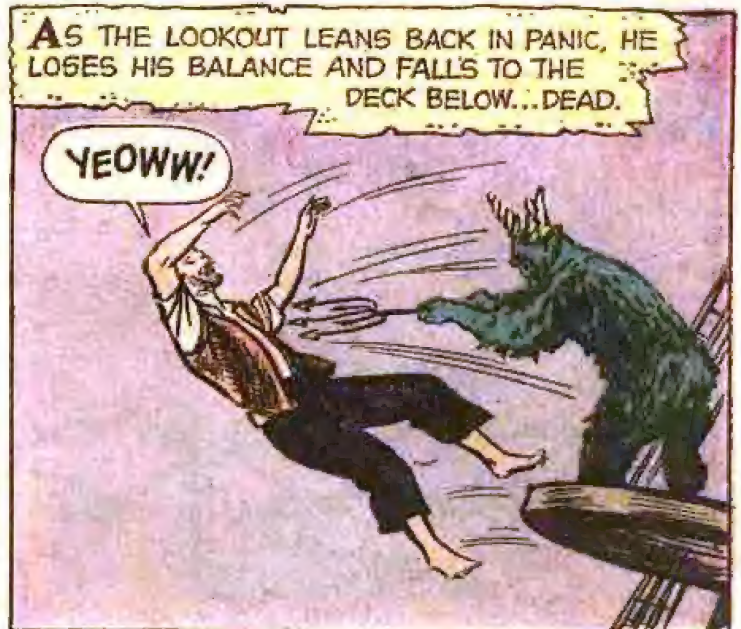
IN THE CROW'S-NEST, PENDRAGON'S WITCH, TUBO, IS PRODDING THE TERRIFIED LOOKOUT WITH HIS TRIDENT...

HA! HA! HA!



AS THE LOOKOUT LEANS BACK IN PANIC, HE LOSES HIS BALANCE AND FALLS TO THE DECK BELOW... DEAD.

YEOWW!



A WITCH!

THIS VOYAGE  
IS ACCURSED!

IT'S THE DEVIL  
HIMSELF!



DEVIL OR WITCH--  
WHATEVER YOU ARE--  
YOU'LL NOT SCUTTLE  
MY SHIP!

HA!  
HA!





IN HIS HALL OF MAGIC, PENDRAGON GAZES INTO HIS CRYSTAL BALL, LAUGHING GLEEFULLY AT WHAT HE SEES ... HIS WITCHES DOING HIS EVIL BIDDING.



WHILE BACK ON THE SHIP, ALL IS CONFUSION, AND MORTAL FEAR GRIPS THE CREW.



LOCK THE DOOR!  
LET NO ONE IN!

MORE WITCHES!  
WE ARE DOOMED!  
IT IS THE END!



COME ON, MEN!...  
ARE YOU COWARDS  
OR SEAMEN?  
AT 'EM, JACK!



BACK TO BACK, JACK AND THE REDOUBTABLE CAPTAIN BATTLE PENDRAGON'S MINIONS: THE TWIN GHOULS, LAG AND BRYLLA... UDINA, THE SEA SPRITE, WITH THE FACE OF A FISH AND SEAWEED HAIR... AND, MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL, THE WIND WITCH, FACELESS, WITH GOLDEN HAIR...

SAIL ACROSS MY  
BOW, WILL YOU?



AS THE CAPTAIN CROSSES HIS SWORD WITH TUBO'S STRIDENT, HIS BODY FLAMES BLUE...

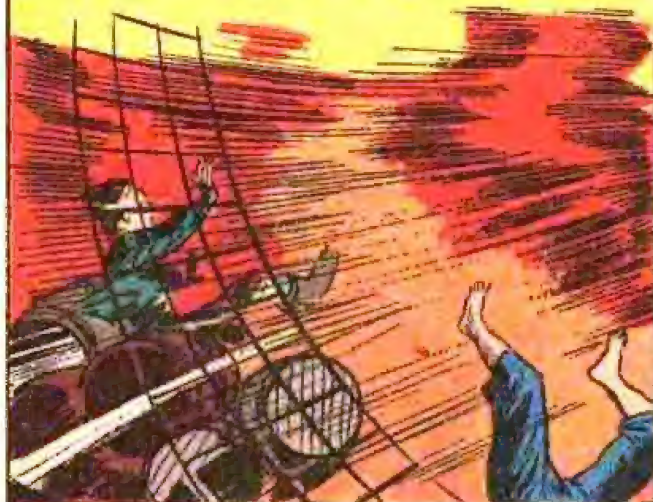
FATHER...  
CAPTAIN...



THE CHARRED AND SMOKING BODY OF THE CAPTAIN FALLS INTO A GROUP OF SAILORS, WHO DRAW BACK IN HORROR AND FEAR.



JACK TRIES DESPERATELY TO REACH THE SHIP'S CABIN, BUT THE WITCH CHEERA'S WIND HARP BLOWS HIM INTO A TUMBLING HEAP OF SAILORS, WITH A FURIOUS BLAST.

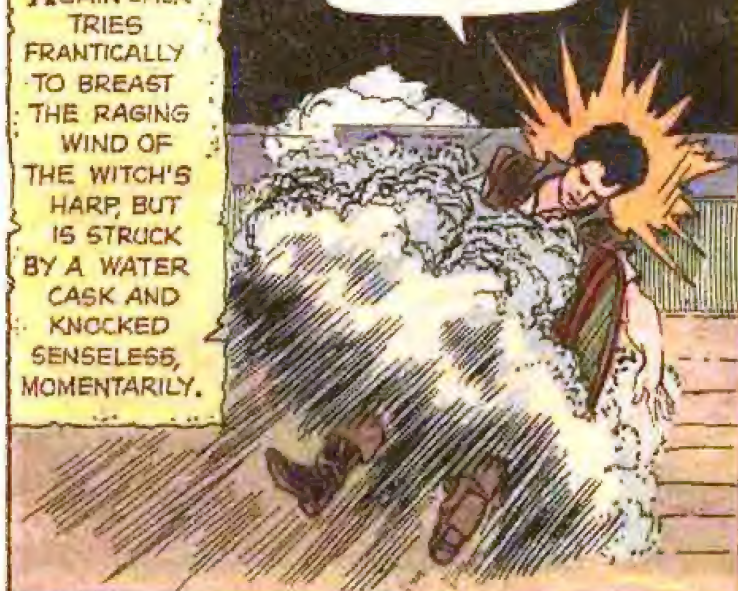


NOW, OUT OF THE SKY COME THE FOUR WITCH SISTERS OF THE BOG, BEARING A PALANQUIN DIRECTLY TO THE DOOR OF THE SHIP'S CABIN.



AGAIN JACK TRIES FRANTICALLY TO BREAST THE RAGING WIND OF THE WITCH'S HARP, BUT IS STRUCK BY A WATER CASK AND KNOCKED SENSELESS, MOMENTARILY.

ELAINE! ELAINE!



AT THE CABIN DOOR, THE SISTERS OF THE BOG FORCE ELAINE INTO THE PALANQUIN, AS ZELA, IN A BURIAL SHROUD, OFFERS HER A WITHERED, SMOKING BOUQUET, AND THEN THE PRINCESS FAINTS.

SEIZE HER! SEIZE HER!



AS JACK'S GAZE FOLLOWS THE DISAPPEARING PALANQUIN WITH ELAINE AS CAPTIVE, HIS HEART SINKS.

THE WITCHES ARE GONE! IT'S LIGHT AGAIN!

THE SHIP IS MOVING!



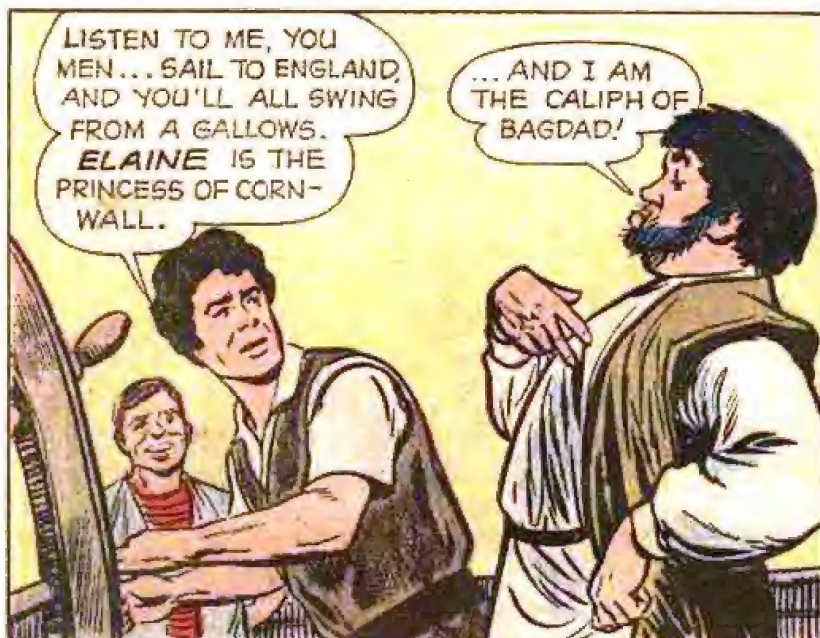
TURN THE SHIP... BACK TO ENGLAND!

BACK TO ENGLAND IT IS, LADS! MAKE READY TO COME ABOUT!

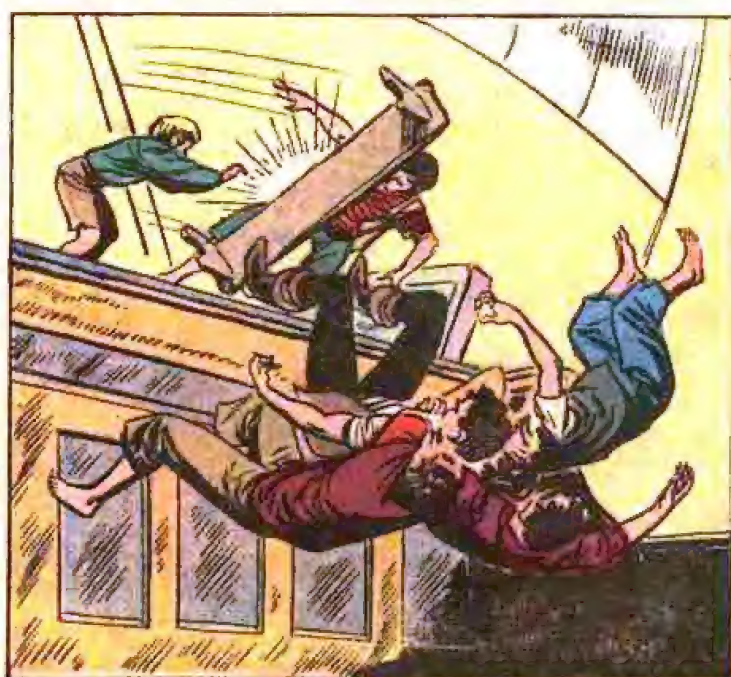
HOME! HOME!





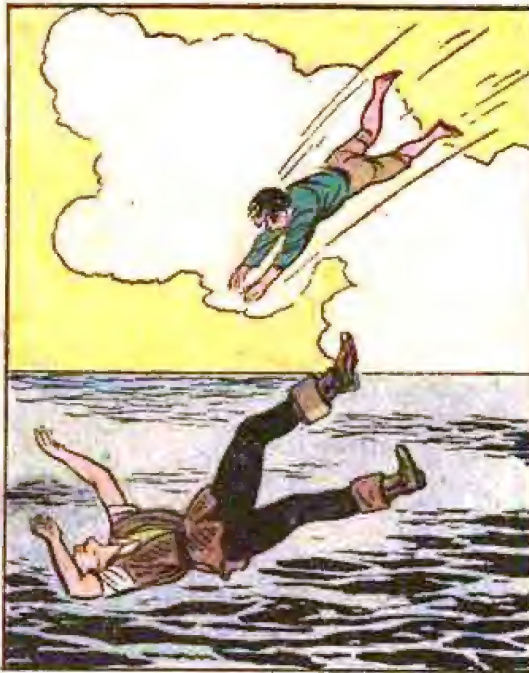


WITH  
THREE MEN  
CLAWING  
AT HIS  
BACK, JACK  
HURLS  
HIMSELF  
BACKWARD  
ONTO THE  
THE DECK  
BELOW,  
DISLODGING  
HIS  
ATTACKERS,  
WHILE PETER  
THROWS A  
WOODEN  
BENCH,  
KNOCKING  
DOWN THE  
BOATSWAIN.

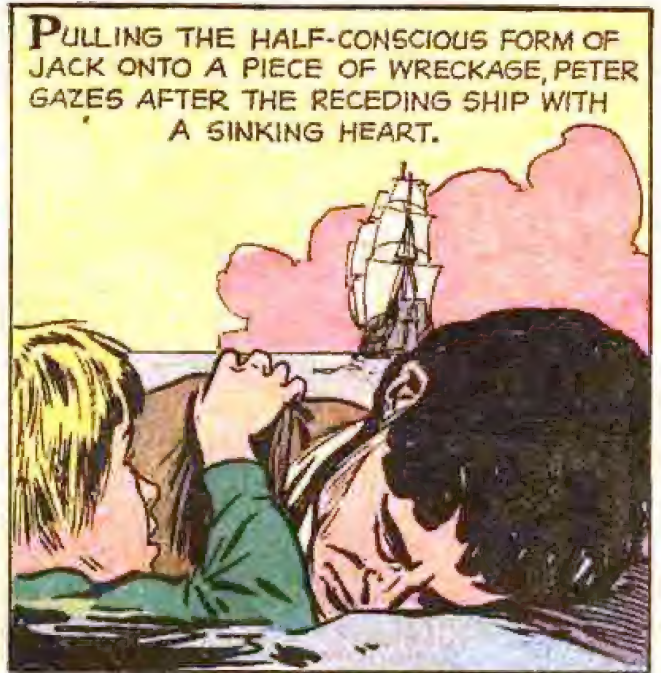




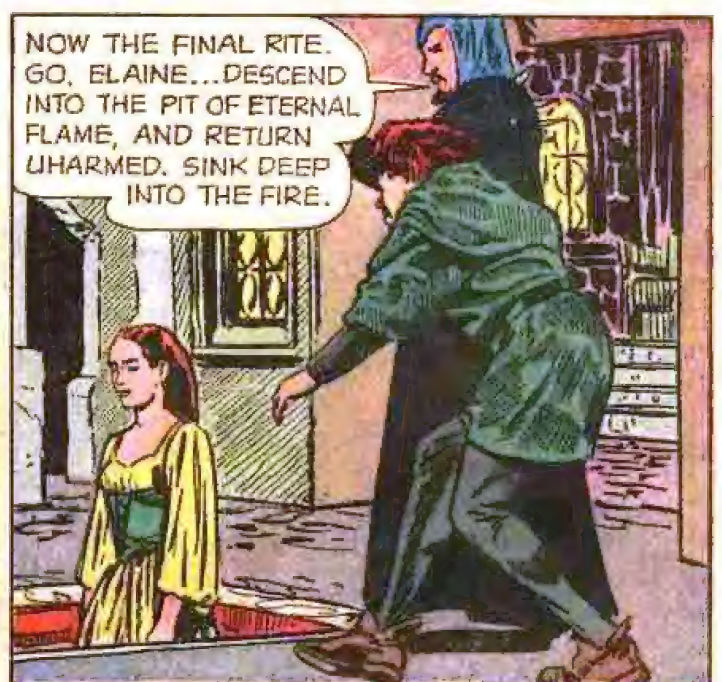
FORCED BACK BY A SWARM OF ATTACKERS, JACK IS FIGHTING DESPERATELY IN THE RIGGING, WHEN A BELAYING PIN MEETS HIS SKULL, AND HIS SENSELESS BODY DROPS FROM THE SHROUDS INTO THE SEA AND PETER DIVES AFTER HIS HELPLESS FRIEND, WITH FRANTIC HASTE...



PULLING THE HALF-CONSCIOUS FORM OF JACK ONTO A PIECE OF WRECKAGE, PETER GAZES AFTER THE RECEDING SHIP WITH A SINKING HEART.



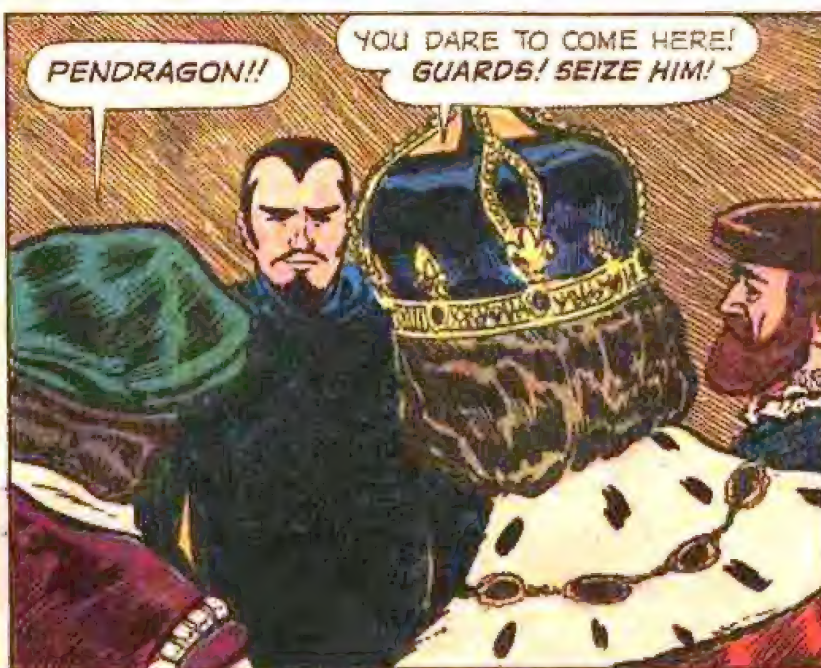
AT PENDRAGON'S GREAT HALL OF MAGIC...





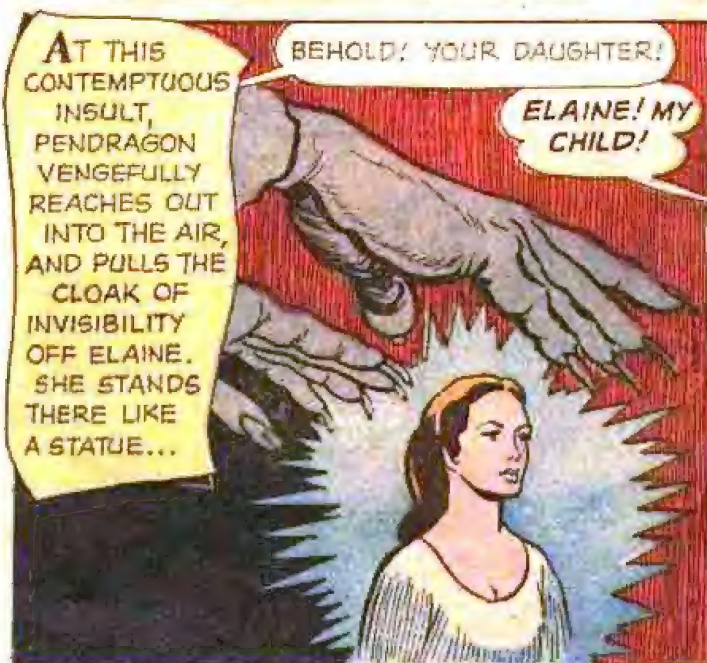


BACK IN THE THRONE ROOM AT CORNWALL CASTLE...





PENDRAGON DRAWS HIMSELF UP IMPERIOUSLY.



AS KING MARK RUSHES TO EMBRACE HIS DAUGHTER, HE IS HORRIFIED TO FIND ONLY AN EMPTY COSTUME ON THE FLOOR...



THE KING QUICKLY RECOVERS AND REGARDS HIS UNWELCOME GUEST WITH HARD AND HOSTILE EYES...







WITH YOU AT HER SIDE TO ADVISE HER? **NO!** AND AGAIN, **NO! NEVER!**

IT IS YOUR CHOICE TO MAKE, MARK! YOUR DAUGHTER OR YOUR THRONE. IN ONE WEEK, I RETURN FOR YOUR ANSWER. REMEMBER... SHE IS IN MY POWER.



YOU HOLD MY DAUGHTER, WITCH! BUT **I** HOLD **YOU!** GUARDS! **SEIZE HIM!**

ONE WEEK, MARK, NO LONGER.

ALONE IN THE THRONE ROOM, THE KING AND THE CHANCELLOR GAZE AFTER THE DEPARTING CONSTANCE...

ONLY **THREE** KNEW OF OUR PLAN. IT WAS OUR OWN SECRET...

LADY CONSTANCE, COME HERE!



CONSTANCE! I COMMAND YOU TO STAND BEFORE THE MIRROR!

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, IF YOU **ARE** A WITCH, THE MIRROR WILL REFLECT YOUR TRUE SOUL.

**NO! NO!**



A HIDEOUS FACE GLARES OUT AT THEM FROM THE MIRROR...

KING MARK HIMSELF STRIKES THE MIRROR WITH THE ROYAL MACE...

NOW YOU KNOW! IT WAS I--I WHO TOLD THE **MASTER!**

BREAK THE MIRROR! BREAK THE SPELL!



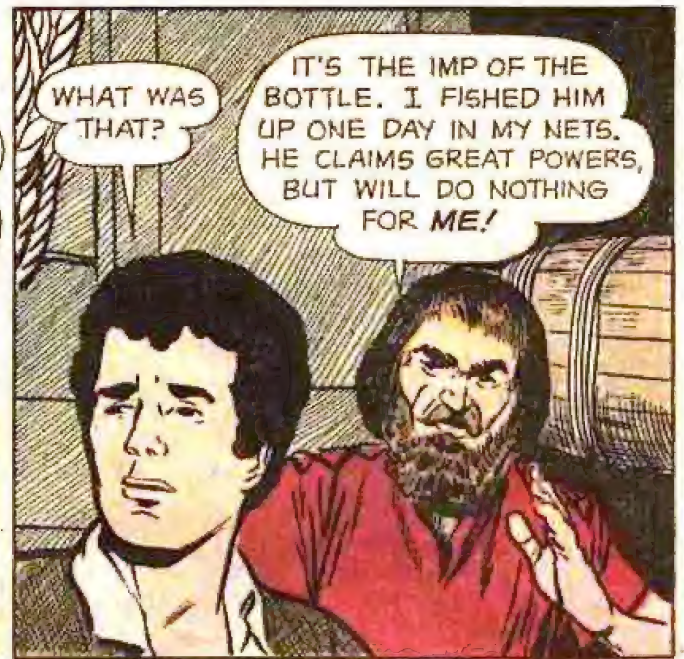
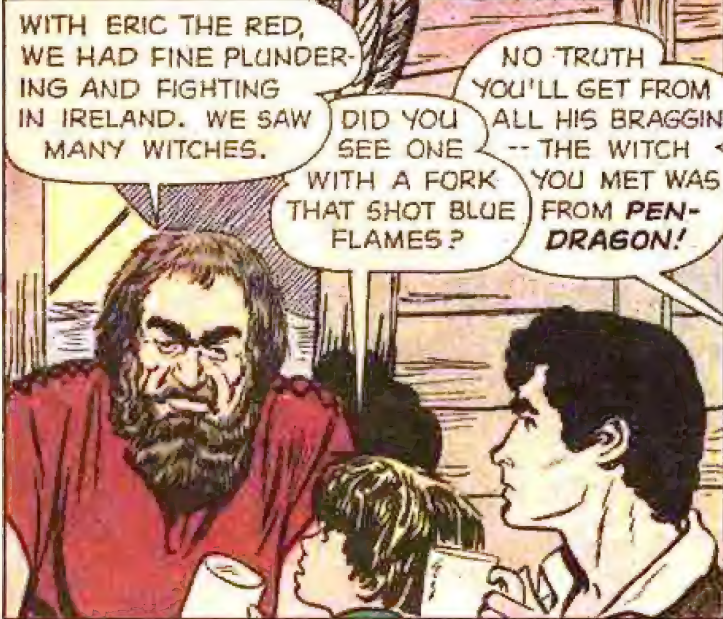
FORGIVE ME! FORGIVE ME!

WE DO NOT BLAME. WE PITY.

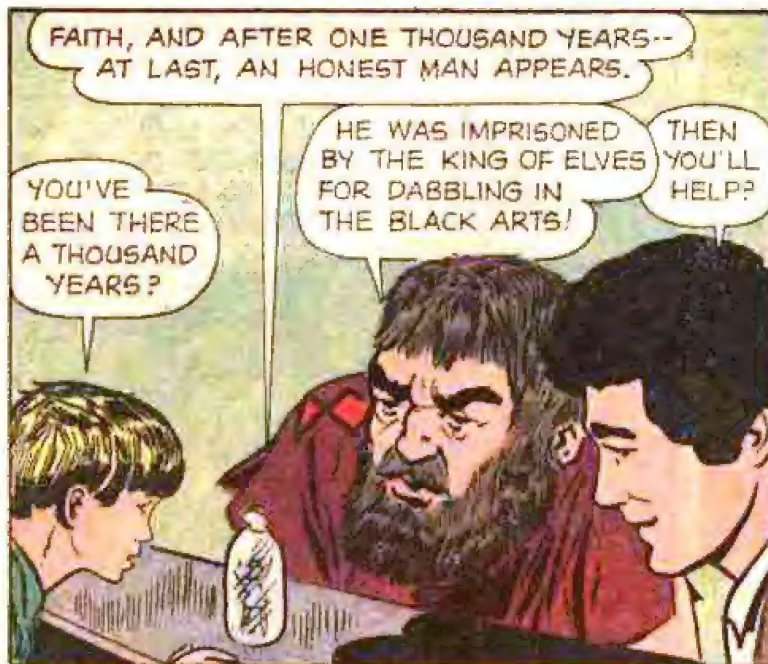




BACK ON THE VIKING FISHING TRAWLER...







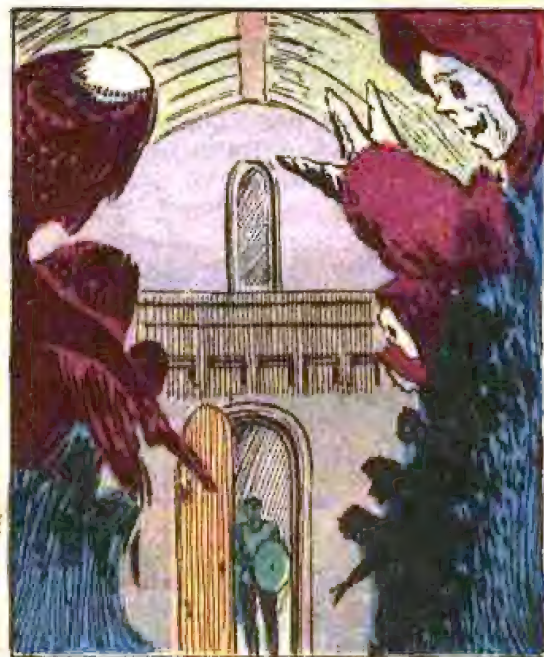
THE POUCH WITH THE BOTTLE IMP IN HIS TUNIC, AND ARMED WITH THE VIKING SWORD AND SHIELD, JACK MARCHES BOLDLY TO CHALLENGE THE PRINCE OF WITCHES ... AND COMES FACE TO FACE WITH A FIERCE WARRIOR...





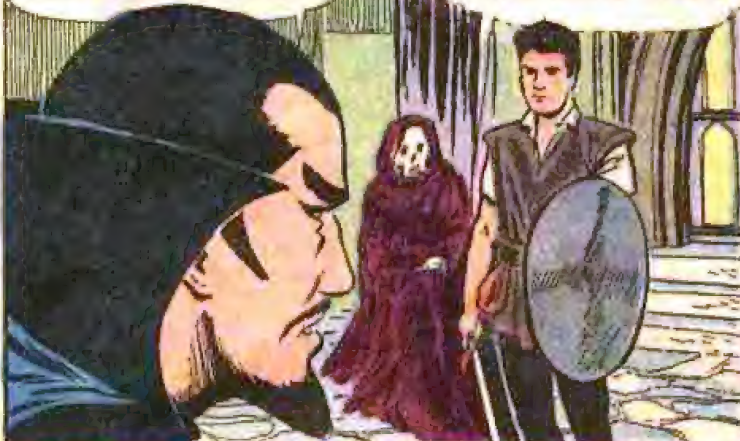


THEN, AS THE CASTLE GATE OPENS, ALL THE WITCHES, ELABORATELY BOWING, SILENTLY GESTURE HIM TO ENTER. SUSPECTING A TRAP, HE NEVERTHELESS PROCEEDS, IN QUEST OF THE PRINCESS ELAINE...



IF YOU TAKE ONE MORE STEP TOWARD ME, HORNS WILL SPROUT FROM YOUR HEAD, YOUR FEET WILL BECOME HOOFS, AND YOU A BLACK RAM.

HOLD YOUR SWORD 'FORE YOU AS YOU GO-- HILT ABOVE, POINT BELOW. AFTER THIS, I HAVE BUT ONE MORE TRICK.



PENDRAGON IS WILD WITH RAGE AS HE ANSWERS...

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND... IN THE RUINS OF AN OLD ROMAN TEMPLE.





**E**LAINE STEPS OUT OF THE DARKNESS, FROM BEHIND THE THRONE, DRESSED IN A WHITE GOWN...

NEVER HAVE I FAILED BEFORE. HE POSSESSES A STRANGE POWER... SOME ANCIENT TALISMAN. WE MUST LEARN HIS SECRET.

PERHAPS I CAN HELP. HE KNOWS NOT I AM ONE OF YOU.



YOU ARE SHARP, MY GIRL. AND YOU, GARNA, SET THE TRAP. TAKE ELAINE TO THE RUINED TEMPLE AND CHAIN HER. TAKE THE SECRET TUNNEL. QUICK! WE WILL FOLLOW.



**I**N THE RUINS, JACK RUSHES UP AND HACKS ELAINE FREE WITH A STROKE OF HIS SWORD.

ELAINE! ARE YOU HURT? WE MUST FLEE AT ONCE. I HAVE A SHIP WAITING IN THE HARBOR.

JACK! I PRAYED THAT YOU WOULD COME.

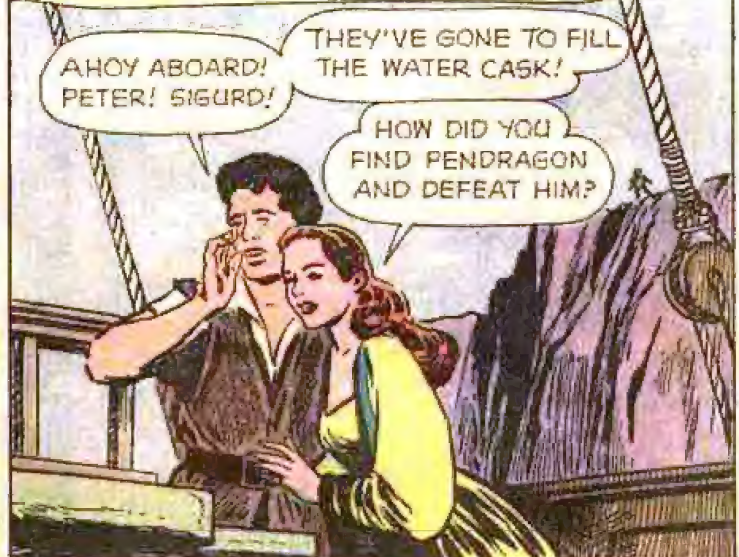


**A**S JACK AND ELAINE BOARD THE VIKING SHIP, GARNA, SMILING, WATCHES FROM AFAR...

AHOY ABOARD! PETER! SIGURD!

THEY'VE GONE TO FILL THE WATER CASK!

HOW DID YOU FIND PENDRAGON AND DEFEAT HIM?



WITH THE AID OF MY LITTLE FRIEND, **THE IMP OF THE BOTTLE!** WE OWE HIM EVERYTHING!

M-MAY I HAVE SOMETHING HOT TO DRINK? I'M SO TIRED...



**A**S JACK POURS A STRONG BREW, ELAINE'S SCHEMING MIND IS MADE UP...

BRING ANOTHER CUP, JACK. WE'LL DRINK TOGETHER-- TO OUR ESCAPE FROM THIS ISLAND.





WHEN JACK TURNS TO GET THE CUP, ELAINE QUICKLY OPENS THE HINGED SETTING OF HER SIGNET RING, AND POURS A WHITE POWDER INTO THE CUP...



THAT I'LL GLADLY DRINK TO. HERE'S ANOTHER CUP.

WHEN JACK COMES BACK, ELAINE EXCHANGES CUPS, HANDING HIM THE ONE WITH THE LETHAL POWDER...



TO OUR SAFE VOYAGE HOME.

AND TO US--A HAPPY VOYAGE!

THEY DRINK... THEN JACK CHOKES AND STAGGERS, AND FALLS ON HIS FACE AT THE CABIN DOOR, AS ELAINE RUSHES TOWARD HIM...



AS SHE SEIZES THE IMP BOTTLE IN HER PALM, IT GLOWS WHITE HOT...



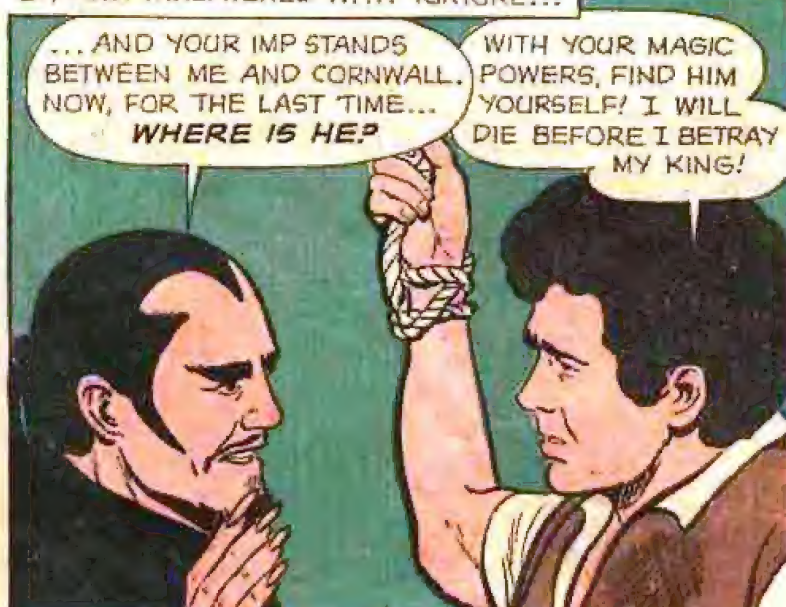
SHE MUST BE EVIL! THE BOTTLE'S HOT! SHE PRETENDS TO BE WHAT SHE IS NOT!

... AND SCREAMING FROM THE BURNING PAIN, SHE FURIOUSLY HURLS THE BOTTLE INTO THE SEA...



OUCH!

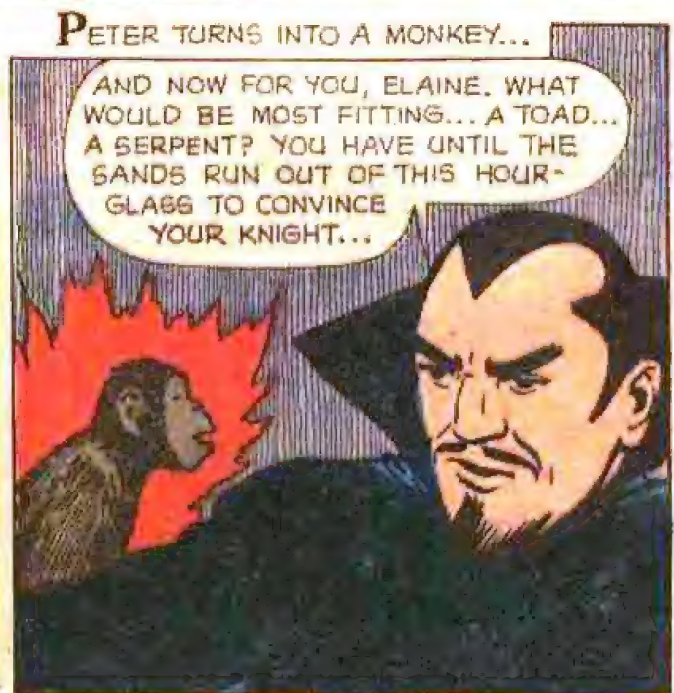
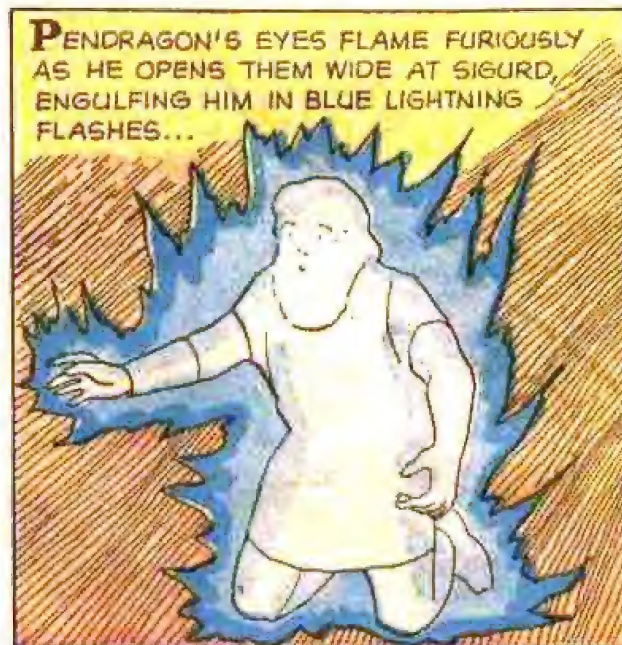
IN PENDRAGON CASTLE, JACK IS HELD PRISONER, STRUNG UP, AND THREATENED WITH TORTURE...



... AND YOUR IMP STANDS BETWEEN ME AND CORNWALL. NOW, FOR THE LAST TIME... WHERE IS HE?

WITH YOUR MAGIC POWERS, FIND HIM YOURSELF! I WILL DIE BEFORE I BETRAY MY KING!







WITH THE WITCHES GONE, JACK, STILL STRUNG UP, WATCHES ELAINE'S EVERY MOVE WITH TROUBLED EYES... WHEN, SUDDENLY, HE SEES HER REFLECTION IN A MIRROR. THE TRUTH DAWN ON HIM...

AS SOON AS THE **MASTER** RETURNS, ALL OF YOU DIE!

PRINCESS, YOU'RE BEWITCHED! **BREAK THE MIRROR**, AND BREAK THE SPELL! UNTIE ME! HELP ME TO SAVE YOU!

AND WHAT WOULD YOU SAVE ME FROM, PRINCE CHARMING?...MY REFLECTION? LOOK AT ME! A WITCH ON THE THRONE OF ENGLAND!



THE MONKEY, WITH HIS FUSSING, HAS SUCCEEDED IN OPENING THE CAGE LOCK, AND BOUNDS OVER TO JACK...

GOOD BOY, PETER! UNTIE ME, QUICKLY!

NO! NO!



JACK, NOW FREE, FORCES ELAINE TO THE MIRROR, AND SMASHES IT WITH THE HOUR GLASS...

MASTER! PENDRAGON! HELP!



JACK LEDS THE SOBBING ELAINE WITH ONE HAND, AND SEIZES A SWORD FROM THE WALL WITH THE OTHER...

I'M SO SORRY, JACK!

PENDRAGON WILL BE COMING! QUICKLY!



THERE'S A SECRET PASSAGE TO THE BEACH. FOLLOW ME!







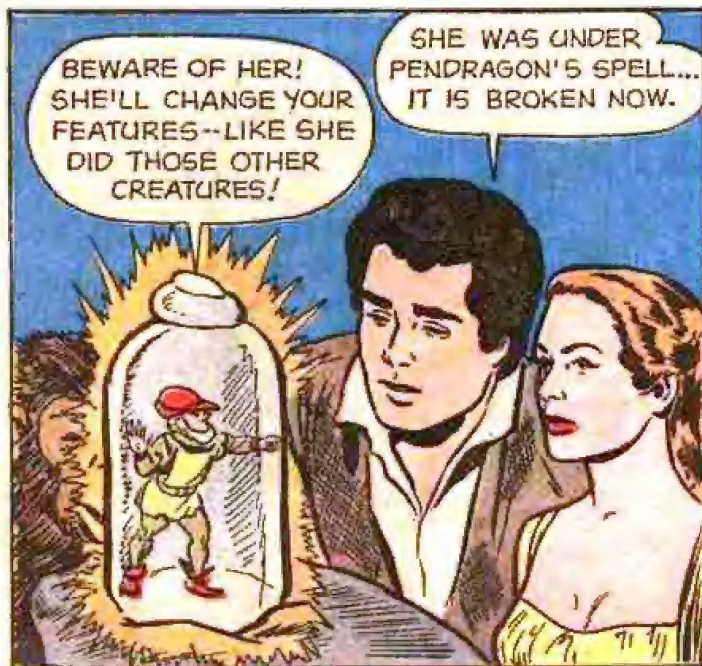
**R**UNNING ALONG THE BEACH, JACK, ELAINE AND THE ANIMALS TRY TO REACH THE TRAWLER. BEHIND THEM THUNDERS THE GREAT TWO-HEADED GIANT...



**A**S THE GIANT POUNDS AND TEARS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE, THE MONKEY SCAMPERS BETWEEN HIS HUGE LEGS INTO THE CAVE, HOLDING THE BOTTLE IMP IN HIS PAWS...



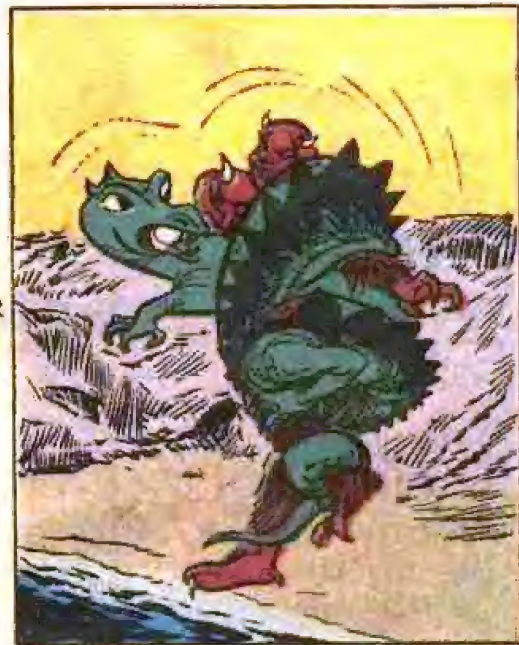




THE THIRD AND FINAL WISH... AS A LIZARD SLITHERS MENACING, WITH FLASHING FANGS, TOWARD THE GIANT, WHOSE TWO FACES FREEZE IN TERROR...



THE SEA MONSTER CONSTRUCTS ITS BODY AROUND THE GIANT, GALLIGANTUA. ONE HEAD FALLS LIMPS, AND THE OTHER CONTORTS IN AGONY. FINALLY, HE SINKS LIFELESS TO THE GROUND...



FROM THE CASTLE TOWER, PENDRAGON AND GARNA WATCH THE FLEEING GROUP.

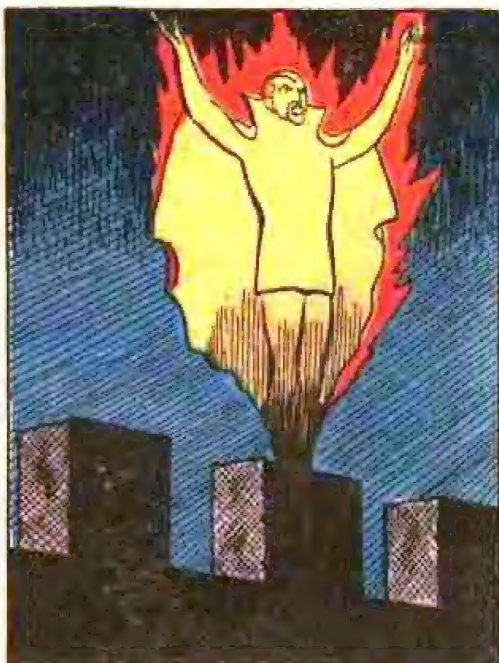


MASTER, THEY'RE LEAVING!

OUT OF MY WAY!... THEY HAVE NOT YET ESCAPED ME!



FOR THE FIRST TIME, DESPERATION VERGING ON PANIC SEIZES THE PRINCE OF WITCHES. HE SEES HIS LONG CHERISHED VICTORY ELUDING HIS EVIL GRASP... AND PLAYS HIS FINAL CARD...



PENDRAGON BECOMES A HARPIE--WITH A WOLF HEAD, SERPENT TAIL, AND HUGE WINGS...



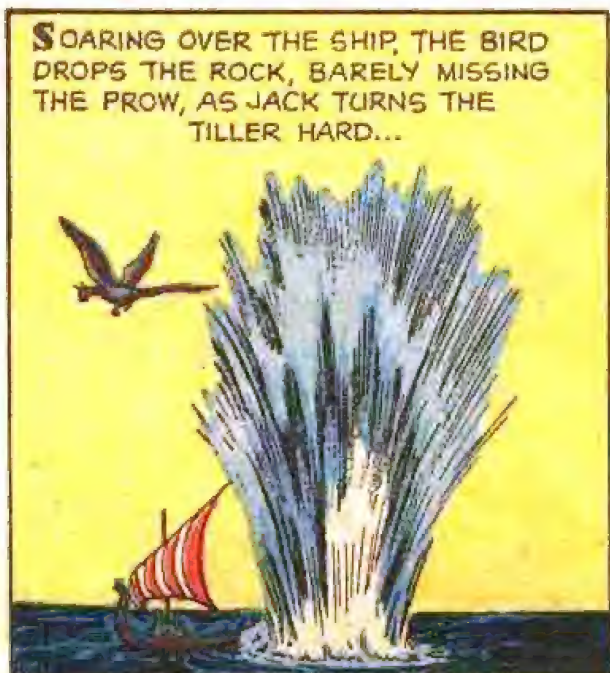
THE GIANT BIRD TAKES OFF. ITS ENORMOUS WINGS DISLodge A GARGOYLE, AND THE WINDBLAST TOPPLES GARNA...



SWOOPING DOWN, THE HARPIE SEIZES A HUGE ROCK IN ITS TALONS...



SOARING OVER THE SHIP, THE BIRD DROPS THE ROCK, BARELY MISSING THE PROW, AS JACK TURNS THE TILLER HARD...

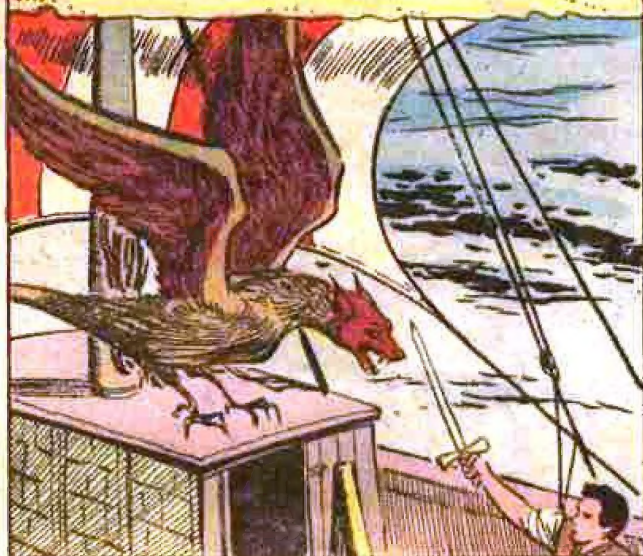


ELAINE, LOCK THE CABIN DOOR. THAT HARPIE IS **PEN-DRAGON IN DISGUISE!** HE'S MAD WITH DESPERATION!





AS THE GIANT BIRD SWOOPS DOWN ON THE TINY VIKING SHIP, JACK HACKS AWAY AT ITS FEROCIOUS WOLF HEAD...



BUT THE HARPIE KNOCKS HIM SPRAWLING, WITH A VICIOUS KICK FROM A SHARP TALON...



TEARING A RAGGED HOLE IN THE CABIN ROOF, THE BIRD GROPEs FOR ELAINE...



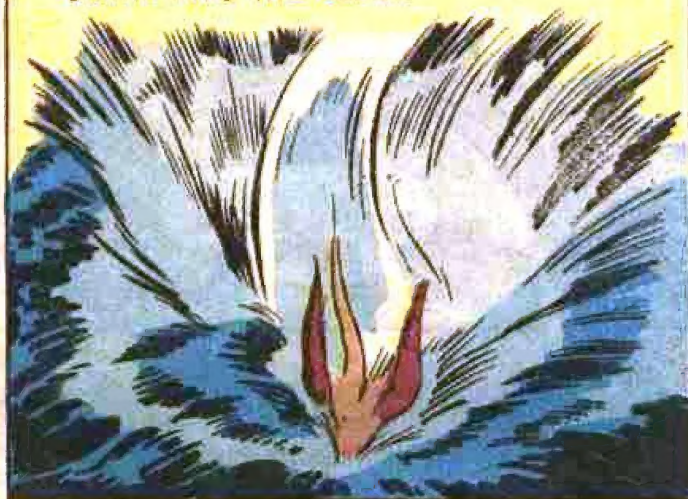
JACK MANAGES TO LEAP UPON THE MONSTER AND, WITH SWINGING SWORD, HACKS REPEATEDLY AT ITS SNARLING HEAD...



WILD WITH RAGE, THE HARPIE SOARS HIGH IN THE SKY, TRYING TO DISLodge JACK. BUT HE MAINTAINS HIS PERCH, AND KEEPS STRIKING AWAY...



JACK SEVERS THE EVIL BIRD'S WING MUSCLE AT THE NECK, WITH ONE LAST, MIGHTY STROKE. ITS HEAD DROOPS, AND THEN THE MONSTROUS BODY SPIRALS DOWN INTO THE SEA...











The writings of the ancients, especially of Greek and Norse mythology abound in tales of giants, sometimes of whole tribes of giants who lived with, and fought both with and against the Gods. They were portrayed sometimes as benign, sometimes as fierce. At times as childlike, and infrequently as dim witted. The belief long held, that primitive man was much taller than his descendants of the present, has now been definitely exploded by archaeologists. Bones of skeletons which were thought at one time to be of humans of tremendous size, have now been proved to be of pre-historic animals. A gigantic human skeleton however, was found in 1899 near Miamisburg, Ohio, in a locality which contains many relics of the Mound Builders. The skeleton is of prehistoric age, and is fossilized. It belonged to a man 8 Ft. 1½ in. high, and is extremely well proportioned. The skull is of a low order, resembling that of a gorilla, the jaws projecting beyond the face. The teeth are remarkably strong and beautiful in form. The owner must have been a vegetarian. The Roman Emperor Maximin, a Thracian, was said to be 9 Feet tall. Queen Elizabeth's porter, 7 Ft.

Of the giants in real life whose stature has been authentically recorded one of the first was Frederick the Great's Scotch Giant, C. Munster a Yeoman of the Guard in Hanover. He measured 8 Ft. 6 in. and died in 1676. Since then several giants have equalled or surpassed this figure, notably Cajanus, a Swedish giant, 9 Feet high, exhibited in London in 1742. Patrick Cotler, an Irishman, who died in Bristol, England, in 1802, was 8 Ft. 7 in., the famous "Irish Giant" O'Brien (Charles Byrne), whose skeleton is preserved in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, was 8 Ft. 4 in., Chang (Chang Woo Goo) who appeared in London in 1865 and again in 1880, was 8 Ft. 2 in., Josef Winkelmaier, an Austrian, exhibited in London on the 10th of January 1887, was 8 Ft. 9 in., Machnow, born at Charkow, Russia, and stood 9 Ft. 3 in., One and all fine prospects for a championship basketball team...





# HISTORY OF MAGIC

Magic has always fascinated mankind. The word itself stems from the Greek, meaning Science and Religion of the MAGI, the Priests of Zoroaster (800 B.C.) who was the founder of the ancient religion of the Parsees of Persia and India.

The Bible mentions the Egyptian magicians as imitating certain miracles of Moses "by their enchantment." We know they placed priests in stone idols.

In the Middle Ages, magicians travelled the country side in Europe performing "supernatural" feats, with paraphernalia, mystifying the ignorant populace, who feared them as conjurors. In medieval times one of the oldest sleights of hand was performed, namely "cups and ball"—3 cups beneath which balls appear and disappear in a miraculous fashion.

The spectacular period of modern magic began about the year 1900. It was then that George Alexander, styled Herrmann the Great, an amazing wizard of Mephistophelean appearance, toured America in his private car, carrying a company of assistants and tons of baggage. He originated the large scale art of the impressive illusionist; vanishing ladies, floating them in the air, and filling the stage with pairs of animals from an empty Noah's Ark.

His chief rival was Harry Kellar, who reputedly could baffle even his brother magicians. In 1909 he passed the accolade to Howard Thurston, noted for his dramatic ability. Still later came Harry Blackstone, the last of the great quartette. By 1940 he had the largest magic show ever produced on tour in America, streaming forth entire choruses of girls from an empty cabinet, and injecting his performance with a light touch of comedy. These four were the eminent magic masters, whose art stood the test of time—full sellout shows over long seasons . . .

